

Bristol Nov. 12 1846. —



Dear Sir

You will be surprised to hear so soon from your Bristol friends, & I almost fear appearing intrusive in troubling you with so many letters, yet I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of expressing to you in the enclosed lines, a very little of the deep interest which you have awakened in the minds of us all, & our earnest wishes for your success. Do believe that every line comes from the heart, & expresses but a very small portion of the thoughts & feelings that sometimes seem to be too overpowering to it. You will perceive that I have not been able to avoid using the plural form in the latter part, as you are so completely identified in our minds with the whole of those faithful ones, who are devoting themselves to the cause.

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We trust that long before receiving
this letter you will have had the happiness
of finding Mrs Garrison & your children
in good health, & that the news & quiet
of the voyage will have refreshed you
after the very exciting scenes you have
gone through. - We shall think of you
as arriving on the 15th, - with what joy
you will be greeted!

You will not I trust be inconvenienced
by the various letters which I sent to
Liverpool to your care, I think to Dr Gamble
Mrs May, Mrs Chapman Mrs Ware, & a
paper to Mr Watstone; - you see that
we do not give up all "friendly dealing" with
our friends who have not as yet taken
a decided course in favour of the A.S. cause;
nor do I at present feel that it would be
right to do so; I shall however in future, as
I have done in my letter to Dr Gamble, &

feel it my duty to "bear my testimony" dis-
tinctly on the subject. You will be
much pleased with an article on Slavery
in the Christian Reformer of this month.
The Editor is a very worthy & sensible man,
rather of the old school of Unitarianism, &
not in general prepared to take up agitating
questions, or to sympathize in ultra views
of things. ^{see} He was ~~so~~ one of those who objected
to the Address on Slavery being sent by the
Unitarian ministers, but had afterwards
the candour to acknowledge that the Address
had done good, & that he had been mistaken.
You will also see I hope in the Supplement
an extract from a letter which will grati-
fy you; it is from an American with
English blood in his veins who lives in a
remote town of Philadelphia (I think)
Hillsborough. His Father was my Mother's
half brother, who emigrated more than half
a century ago; he was a man of free, earnest,

noble mind; we kept up a correspondence with him till his death; he was anxious that his family & ours should keep up intercourse with each other, & this is the first letter that eldest son has written to us. - We are pleased & surprised that he has formed so true an appreciation of your labours, & that without personal acquaintance with F. Douglass he should estimate him so highly. There is some good seed springing up in a remote spot which perhaps you never heard of. May it bear fruit a hundred fold. - You may be sure that we shall gladly prosecute a correspondence on this subject, which will be a closer bond of friendship than that of blood.

Again allow me to express to you, my dear Sir, how great a privilege we esteem it to have been personally acquainted, & how much we treasure the recollection of your visit to us; & with most friendly regards from my Mother & Sister, believe me to remain, respectfully yours,
Mary Carpenter

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Farewell to Wm Lloyd Garrison
who sailed in the Acadia Nov. 4. 1846. -

Farewell, farewell! Heaven's blessing with thee go.
Thou champion of the suffering and oppressed! -
Lonely thou standest on the crowded deck,
And thy heart lingers with those chosen friends.
In this, thy island home, soe, warm & true,
Have cheered thee onward. - Thou art not alone,
Thy heavenly Father is thy tower of strength,
And thy loved Saviour, for whose "little ones"
Thou offerest up thy strength, thy powers, thy life, -
Will not desert thee in thy hours of need. -
O that our spirits, hovering round thy path,
Could guard & cheer thee! - Yet believe them near
Kindled with ardour in thy glorious cause,
And striving with thee; let our voices join
With them, and with that faithful earnest few
Whom the world hates, because they testify
Of its iniquities. Fear not, but labour on
In your great Master's cause, freedom & love. -

List to the Comforter he sends to all
Who follow in his footsteps; - let it breathe
E'er your lips & hearts that heavenly truth
Which conquereth, and must conquer e'er the foe
That most resists his reign. - The Saviour's words
Can never fail, though with the sheet pass away
E'en as a withered scroll. Have faith in him,
And at your voice Sin's mountains shall remove,
And sink for ever in the dark abyss.
There is a mountain of iniquity
O'ershadowing your country; high & drear
Its towering summits menace e'er the skies; -
Heaven's thunders roll unheeded round its head,
And the forked lightning scatters it abroad. From forth
Its swollen sides issue deep, hoarse groans
Filling the world with awe. There chasms yawn
And fearful sights are disclosed, of mangled flesh,
And reeking limbs, quivering with agony,
Whence stifled sighs of torture rise in vain
To dispel the stony mass incumbent. - Oft,

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Mary Carpenter

